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## EMBELLISHING FARMS.

There are many things that can be done on farms to beautify them, at times when other work is not pressing, which will greatly enhance their value in the estimation of men of taste, and which may not be expensive.

No farm house can be left without trees around it, to furnish shade in warm weather, and be inviting; and when such a farm is offered for sale, no one will purchase it but a man void of taste, and such men do not pay very high prices for farms.

Every farm house, and the surrounding buildings, should be in good repair, and painted. The fences should be neat, especially those around the front yard, and immediately adjoining the house; and the gates should be strong and handsomely constructed, and all kept well painted, so that when a traveler happens to pass that way, he will exclaim, "that is a pretty place!"

It is true, these things do not always give returns to the owners in dollars and cents, excepting in cases of saving buildings, &c., from decay by the application of paint; but they afford much pleasure to the owners of such beautiful places, if they possess any taste.

For what do we live? Is it solely to secure what food and raiment that is necessary, to keep soul and body together, or is it to enjoy, in some degree, the beauty of nature and art, which this world affords? Behold the lilies of the valley, they toil not, yet Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these. Who made those lilies and the millions of magnificent flowers that dot every field in their season? Who made the thousands of varieties of roses, that adorn our gardens? It was the same Being who made man; and think you they were made for no good purpose?

Farmers you greatly mistake your duty in this world, when you consider that you have nothing to do but dig the earth. The very dispositions of your daughters are molded, in a measure, by the means you afford them to cultivate the floral kingdom—that may be grown in your yards and gardens at a trifling expense.

So, too, is the acerbity of temper in your sons, ameliorated and tempered by cultivating a desire for the beautiful. Look wherever you may, and you will find the farmer who ignores all respect for tidiness, and the embellishments of his home, where he is, probably, to spend his days, or a large portion of them, a man without any of the finer feelings of which human nature is susceptible, selfish in his dealings with his fellow-men, and not particularly desirable as a neighbor.

On the other hand, when you see a beautiful dwelling, though it be ever so small, with its portals covered by climbing roses, its fruit yard neatly laid out, and well stocked with flowering shrubbery, its garden highly cultivated, and the whole showing a state of thrift and prosperity, you will find a family who are living as God designed man to live.

What signify the few dollars that it may cost to beautify your homes? You can carry nothing out of the world with you, and why not enjoy your lives by making your homes attractive? Farmers think of this, and turn over a new leaf, as soon as you can, without lessening the products of your farm.

**TO PREVENT HORSES BEING CALLED BY THE BACKBAND.**—Take two pieces of oak about eight inches square with the corners rounded off, and and stick them in the substantial. Make the horse back on each side, and the horse will not be called by the backband.

## THE FARMER'S GARDEN.

**What, When, and How to Plant and Sow.**—We can do no more in our brief space than to give some general hints upon these points. For the germination of seeds, heat, air, and moisture are essential, and for any growth light is also necessary. Plants differ very much as to the temperature necessary for the germination of their seeds. We have seen rye throw out roots two or three inches long on blocks of ice in an ice-house, and actually penetrate the ice so as to break off by pulling them; and rye no doubt makes some growth under the snow. The snow-drops grow up, even through snow. Indian-corn, on the other hand, will not grow at a temperature much, if any, below sixty degrees, and will rot in the ground at fifty-five degrees. We think Indian-corn may be taken as a fair type of many garden plants which we may call tender, and which perish by even slight frost. Robust plants, however, like corn and potatoes, often have their tops killed to the ground by frost and yet grow again.

Among the plants that are uninjured by frost, and therefore may be planted early, are the pea, beet, carrot, cabbage, cauliflower, lettuce, parsnips, onions, celery, radish, turnip, and spinach. Among those which are tender, and suffer by frost, are the bean of all kinds, corn, melon, cucumber, squash, tomato, nasturtium, okra, egg-plant and pepper.

**The Soil should be Fine and Fresh.**—There is a sort of fermentation induced in the ground by stirring it, and the conditions of heat and moisture are best met by putting in the seed just after moving the soil, as by opening furrows with the plow, or hills with the hoe. With small seeds, like the carrot or parsnip, or tender seed, like the beet, which is very sensitive, this is very important. If the soil is not fine, it will not press the seed or yield a moisture to it, and it is easily shown that a fine, light soil contains more air and moisture than a coarse, lumpy soil.

**Depth of Planting.**—Small seeds are often smothered by too deep covering. Beets and mangold, rough as they look, may be kept from vegetating by one inch of moist earth pressed lightly upon them. They, and nearly all small seeds, should be covered from one-fourth to one-half inch only, and the fresh earth pressed lightly down with a spade or very light roller. In our list above we think all those named are better covered one-half inch or less, rather than more, except peas and corn. Corn may be covered from one to two inches, and peas to any depth. We prefer to cover peas from three to six inches deep, and we are satisfied they remain longer green than when planted shallow. We usually cover potatoes three or four inches. If the soil is very dry and light, seeds may be planted a little deeper than is otherwise proper.

**Sun and Shade.**—For all the plants which we have classed above as tender we can hardly find too hot an exposure, though we may find a spot too dry. Corn, and tomatoes, and melons want the full heat of the sun. Peas, we think, do better, especially the latter crop, if a little shaded by a fence or some other crop, and cabbages, turnips, and celery may have positions with advantage. Currants and raspberries do best on the north of a pale fence, while grapes like all the sun they can get.

**Hybridizing or Mixing.**—Certain plants, as Indian-corn of different varieties, intermix even at a distance of many rods, the first year. Sweet corn, however, of different sorts, especially if varying in its time of blossoming, may be raised within the same field, and the ears will be as good as those of the pure varieties.

**Pruning and Training.**—The planting, pruning and training of fruit trees is a most interesting work, and of necessity leads the mind to a study of the laws of vegetation in general, as well as of the peculiar habits of growth and bearing of each species and even of each variety of fruit. The search after insects which infest fruit-trees, and the efforts to guard against their ravages, lead to a study of natural history, and thus to a knowledge of the habits of all the animals which inhabit our globe.

ionship, however often the fact that they are may be asserted. Bees are active agents in conveying the pollen of certain flowers, as squashes and melons, from one plant to another, and the wind carries the pollen of corn to great distances. These facts are of great importance if we are raising plants for seed. If only for home use, for the season, the mixture will not be of so much importance.—*Watchman and Reflector.*

## USEFUL INFORMATION.

**Preventive of Cholera.**—On the first sensation of abdominal pain, diarrhoea etc., take of

Tincture of Opium, 25 drops.

Tincture of Capsicum, half a drachm.

Tincture of Camphor, half a drachm.

Tincture of Cardamon, one drachm, in a little water. Lie down and keep spirits up by reading some cheerful book. Wear habitually a woolen (flannel) bandage, ten inches wide, around the abdomen. There would be no harm in one or two tea-spoonsful of really good old French brandy, even if you are the most temperate individual living. If your lodging is in an infected quarter of the city, and you are obliged by *res augusta domi* to remain there during the prevalence of cholera, the use of a charcoal respirator will protect you from inhaling the noxious effluvia in your immediate neighborhood. Dr. Stenhouse first introduced this instrument to the world. Its object is to prevent the access of the noxious effluvia of cholera, typhus, yellow fever, etc., to the lungs in respiration. It covers the nose and mouth, and consists of a layer of coarsely powdered charcoal, one fourth of an inch thick, between two sheets of silvered wire gauze, covered with this woolen cloth. The frame is made of thin sheet copper, while the edges are made of lead, so as to fit the lower part of the face, which is moreover protected against the pressure of the metal by the padding and velvet lining of the instrument acts as an air-filter, and protects against infectious disease.

**Freckles are removed in a surprising short time,** by a perfectly new process which probably no one besides the writer is acquainted with. This process I have tried first on my own person, and the good effect obtained, warrants its general introduction into the toilet rooms and "boudoirs" of the world. Here it is: Take powdered nitre (saltpetre), any small quantity, and apply it to the parts affected, by the finger, moistened and dipped in the powder. This is the proceeding; when properly done and judiciously repeated, it will remove all from the face.

**Intellectual Culture and Enjoyment.**

A plantation of fruit-trees is really one of the most interesting objects in the world of Nature. What a scene of beauty and variety, whether we view them in blossom or in fruit! Even in winter they are full of interest; the peculiar growth of each variety, the color of the bark, the form and size of the buds, give to each variety a character of its own. Then the same trees are constantly changing, and this change from day to day, and from year to year, invest them continually with a fresh interest.

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bors of the farm are to these young people more drudgery—fatiguing, dull and irksome, and they seek to get rid of it. They feel no real attachment to home, and this is the reason why the greater number of the brightest young men seek other employments, and the rural population of the finest district of our State is daily decreasing; the land is not producing one fourth what it might. This, it appears to me, is a serious question for the farmers of our country, and one which claims their immediate attention.—*Barry.*

## FROM THE LAND WE LOVE.

**MEMORIAL FLOWERS.**  
The Lord of light who rules the hours,  
Has scattered through our sunny land,  
Memories of his love in flowers,  
With lavish hand.

This month they bloom in beauty rare  
And more than wonted beauty rare,  
As conscious of the part, they bear  
The Tenth of May.

On which the South in plaintive tone  
Of pride and sorrow mixed with bliss,  
Speaks: "As a nation, I can own  
No day but this!"

I give to it, my glorious dead  
The tribute, they have earned so well,  
And with each bud and blossom shed  
A mystic spell.

I lay the Laurel wreath above  
The Cedar with its sacred tree,  
And place them, with a mother's love,  
Where Jackson lies.

The Lily in its loveliness,  
Pure as the stream where it awoke,  
And spotless as his Bishop's dress,  
I give to POLK.

To ALBERT SMITH JOHNSON, Moss,  
And Rosemary and Balm; to these  
Entwined in a simple Cross,  
I add Heartsease.

The Fleur-de-Lis, in song and lay  
The emblem of true knight-hood's pride,  
I place committed with Jessamine spray,  
By ANNA's side.

Fresh Morning-Glory buds I twine  
With scarlet Woodbine laid beneath;  
And mingle with them Eglantine;  
For FLEMING's wreath.

The Honey-suckle's rosy drift,  
Whence fragrance dripping dew distill,  
I offer as the proper gift,  
For ANNIE'S LILLY.

O'er FENDLER's pure and sacred dust  
Let Bleeding Hearts and Rye be swept;  
He well deserved his Country's trust  
So nobly kept!

Let RAMSEY'S native pines drop down  
Their leaves and odoriferous gums, displayed  
To form with Ivy-flowers a down,  
Where he lies laid.

While Orange blossoms fall like snow  
To fill the air with fragrance ripe,  
The form of MAXCO GAZCO, below,  
The truest type.

Where DOLES and BARTON rest in death,  
Strew Hyacinths and Mignonette,  
And scatter with its baneful breath,  
The Violet.

The fairest of the radiant dyes,  
Which paint in living gems our sword,  
The Land of Flowers well supplies  
To honor WARD.

The grand Magnolia's blossoms fall,  
Mingling with Fern their snowy loads,  
And form a freshly fragrant pall  
To cover RENOZA.

Let stars of Bethlehem gleaming lie,  
As pure as BARNABAS'S soul, which soars  
While he exclaims: "I glad'y die  
In such a cause!"

GRANBURY rests in dreamless sleep,  
And heaped upon his grave's green sod,  
Let the Crimson Cactus creep,  
Round Golden Rod.

Of ZOLLICOFFER, who went first  
To plead his cause at Heaven's bar,  
The Am'rauth's buds to glory burst,  
Fit emblems are.

For MORRAN let the wild wood Grape  
Afford a dewy diadem,  
And with its drooping tendrils drape  
The Buck-eye's stem.

Missouri, from the fertile fields  
Where, under giant river's waves  
The gorgeous Rhododendron yields  
Its crimson grave.

Alas! the one with CLARKE'S name,  
Whom the Pacific and the Golden Bell,  
The trumpet-flowers with hearts of flame,  
And Ash-hed!

For him who made all hearts his own,  
The sweetest Rose of love shall bloom,  
A band of bleeding beauty strown  
On DEWEY'S tomb.

Who hides my children from my view,  
I mark with the Forget-me-not,  
In Heaven's own blue.

Of all the varied racial race  
I give my cherished dead a part,  
Except the Opium; that I place  
Upon my heart.

Who hides my children from my view,  
I mark with the Forget-me-not,  
In Heaven's own blue.

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## HOW WILLIE WATSON WAS SAVED FROM A FIRE.

The smashing in of windows, and breaking down of doors, seemed as if but child's play to these heroic men; and with a dauntless courage that seemed almost more than human, they sprang up the burning staircases, across the crackling floors, to seize the panic-stricken tenants, or drag them, already half-suffocated, from a repose that might soon prove fatal.

A loud warning shout from those outside told of some fearful danger, and speedily every one had fled from the devoted building, smoke-begrimed, scorched, and bruised, but yet in life.

Nor had they quitted it one second too soon. Scarce had the last one been received by the sympathizing crowd, ere the three lower stairs fell in with a tremendous crash, and with renewed vigor the flames darted upward, threatening in a very short space of time, to engulf the remaining portion in the smoking ruins.

A hasty council was held, to see if all had been saved, or if some unfortunate beings were yet in the devoted house.

All are saved! No, not all! A woman's voice calls out, "Mrs. Watson? Is Mrs. Watson here?"

"Mrs. Watson, who is she?" interrogated a by-stander.

"A poor widow who earns her living by going out to wash, and nurse the sick."

"Mrs. Watson was to pass the night with a lady who is very ill," said another. She told me so yesterday. But where is Willie, her little boy?"

"Would she not take him along with her?" inquired a member of the fire-brigade.

"Impossible!" ejaculated a third female, "she would not take him into a sick-room. Poor darling! he must be in the ruins still."

All eyes were once more directed toward the burning mass, and some could scarce credit their senses, on beholding at an open window in the upper story, the delicate form of a child, apparently not more than four or five years of age, habited in a white night-dress, his little hands clasped as if in the attitude of supplication, but otherwise calm and self-possessed, as if fully prepared to meet the doom that seemed to await him.

At this moment a woman poorly, but decently clad, forced her way through the crowd.

"My boy! my Willie! is he saved?" she gasped.

No answer was required. Her eyes turned upon the little figure in that upper story, and with a wild, despairing shriek she sprang forward to rescue her child or share his fate.

But strong arms were outstretched to seize and bear the half-frenzied mother from the fearful scene.

The fire-escape was brought close to the fire, and several brave men mounted the ladders, to make one last attempt for the rescue of the child.

Alas! their efforts were in vain; the ladders were too short!

"A bed! Is there a feather bed to be had?" cried a loud, strong voice.

"Yes, yes, here is one;" and immediately some volunteered their services in hoisting this chance of escape.

It was a difficult and tedious enterprise, and meanwhile the fire was making fearful progress. The forked tongues of flame played around the window where the child yet stood, calm, self-possessed as ever. Five minutes more, and the little cotton night-dress would have proved his fiery shroud; but the bed was now arranged.

"Come, now, my brave little fellow," shouted one of the men, "throw yourself down on this. Don't be afraid of falling; we'll catch you!"

At once the child obeyed. One moment his light form hovered in the darkened air, one moment of terrible suspense to the on-lookers below, then one long, loud, universal "Hurrah!" burst from every lip! He is saved!

"Well, my brave little hero," asked a strong, rough man, as he hugged the boy to his bosom, "were't you afraid in the midst of that fire?"

"O, yes, I was, for a long time," said the boy; "but I remembered the story mother has often told me of God saving the Hebrew children out of the fire which the wicked king put them into. And I prayed to God to save me too, and then I was no more afraid. I believed He would save me, and you see he has."

That night the poor widow

had been seen creeping softly into a little room into a neighbor's house, and kneeling in prayer at the bedside of her darling boy as he lay fast asleep. There, with tears filling her eyes, she poured out her heart in grateful thanks to God for his goodness to her that day, to him that is a Husband to the widow and a "Father to the fatherless."

## THE MINISTER AND THE BOY.

A minister relates, that as he was one day walking to his Sabbath school, on turning the corner of a little narrow street, he saw a number of poor boys—Arabs of the streets—engaged at a game of marbles. They saw him as he came; and therefore the greater number of them got up from their marbles, and in a moment were off like a shot, before he could catch them.

One little boy did not happen to see the minister at first, and before he could get his marbles, or muster his strength to make off, the minister had laid hold on him. Then came the grand questions, "What was to be said? What was to be done? There were confronted, face to face, the minister of Christ and the little ignorant, benighted child. Now, many a one would have said: "Oh, you little Sabbath breaker, you deserve to be punished;"—or, "you are found out in your bad ways; you must come along with me."

This good minister was not a man of that kind. He was one of those who know that kindness, tenderness, and affection, are the way to get at the heart; and he said to the little boy—

"Have you found all your marbles?" "No, sir," said the child; "there is one I have not found."

"Then said the minister, 'I will try and help you to find it.'"

So they both stooped down and searched, and they found the marble at last.

"Are you fond of playing marbles, my boy?" was the next question.

"Yes, sir, I am."

"So I used to be," said the minister, "and I think I could play still. I think I could beat you myself if we were to have a game; only I never play on the Sabbath."

The poor little boy's countenance expanded, he looked with confidence at the kind man who spoke to him, and who liked marbles, and he thought, "I have found a friend, and not an enemy, but a friend."

"If you will come with me, my boy," said the minister, "I will bring you to a place where you will see something better than playing marbles, and hear something you would like to hear."

He was told it was the Sabbath school; and after a little hesitation he said he would go, but that he was so dirty he was not fit to go.

"Then," said the minister, "here is a pump, at which you can wash your hands and face."

But I cannot pump and wash," said the boy.

So the minister pumped, and washed; and he gave him his handkerchief to dry himself with, which the boy took after hesitating on the ground that it was so clean. He then took the minister's hand, and they proceeded to the Sabbath school.

When they got near it, the busy hum of voices through the windows startled him and he was afraid to go in, saying that the boys would laugh at him and make fun of him.

"Another time I will go, sir, I will not now."

"I promise you," said the minister, "that if you come in they shall not laugh at you, or turn you to jest. Take my hand, and come."

He did so, and the minister brought him to one of the most experienced teachers in the school, and told him the story. The boy was treated kindly. He came regularly afterwards, and learned to read and study the Scriptures. His father and mother, were poor, drunken profligate people, and were glad that the boy was noticed, so they did not object. By and by he became one of our cleverest boys in school, was afterwards apprenticed, and after some time the minister lost sight of him; and did not see him again for twenty years.

One day, as he passed along the street, he saw a gentleman-like man, who stopped him and said—

"Sir, do you not know me?" "No, I do not."

"Ah! yes, I do remember twenty years ago finding a little boy in the street playing marbles, and then

speaking to him kindly, pumping for him while he washed, and bringing him to your Sabbath school. Sir, I am that boy! The world has since gone well with me: I have prospered in business, and, through the blessing of God, possess a considerable fortune. All that I am and all that I have I owe, under God, to your kindness, your wise kindness, in laying hold of me by the shoulder that day, and treating me kindly, tenderly; not rebuking me, not being hard with me, but dealing gently with me, in the true spirit of a Christian."

**How to Get up Refreshed.**—Every person who toils daily upon a farm in warm weather, should be careful to practice a system of ablation at the close of each day's labor. Sometimes he may be so exhausted as to render this anything but an inviting performance; yet by its omission he loses much of the refreshment which the hours of repose are designed to impart. Cleanliness of person is essential to sound and refreshing sleep, hence the labor of keeping one's self clean is amply repaid by the elasticity which follows from nightly ablutions, before retiring to rest. These are especially requisite during the haying and harvesting season, when profuse perspiration is a certain concomitant of hard and protracted labor. Keep clean and sleep soundly—go to bed unwashed, and in the morning rise unrefreshed, with a feeling of lassitude, which the exertions of the day will hardly be able to remove.

A Cow milking-machine has been invented which is said to work like a charm. By a very simple arrangement, the working of a rubber diaphragm produces upon the four teats at a time, a sudden, strong, remitting suction, like that of a calf, and the cow is milked and stripped dry in a couple of minutes.

**Squash.**—This is a tender annual, and will not bear planting until settled warm weather. Plant in hills, like melons and cucumbers; put six or eight seeds in a hill, and, when well up, thin out to three healthy plants. The Summer Crookneck and Bush varieties are best for early spring, and the Marrow for fall. The striped bug is very destructive to squash vines, and to stop their depredations, saturate some ashes; with spirits of turpentine and dry the ashes; then sprinkle the ashes thus impregnated on the vines, and the bugs will leave immediately. To have tender squashes, the soil must be rich. Cow manure is the best animal manure to apply. It should be borne in mind that a vine runs no farther than the root, and the manure applied should not be crammed into a ten by twelve hole, but applied to the whole ground, that all the roots and fibres may be fed. This will apply to all running vines.—*Communicated by Dr. Camak from Transaction of the Southern Central Agt Society.*

**How to Help the Growth of Evergreens.**—We frequently see Evergreens in a languishing condition. If alive, they make no wood, and the bottom limbs show signs of decay. The trouble is frequently in the character of the soil, which is too dry and gravelly. Almost all the evergreens prefer a moist, loamy soil, or even a muck or peat, like that upon the mountains where they grow. The dryness of soil may by entirely relieved by trenching and working in peat or muck. We have seen evergreens making luxuriant growth upon a pure gravel bed treated in this way. Peat that had been exposed to the atmosphere for one season was thoroughly incorporated with the soil, the ground being covered to the depth of six inches before the trenching began. This is somewhat expensive, but much cheaper than unthrifty trees about the dwelling. The soil should be kept cultivated around all hedges and evergreens several years after planting, and when well established, enrich with old manure.

**For the Teeth.**—An exchange says: Dissolve two ounces of borax in three pounds of boiling water, and before it is cold add one teaspoonful of spirits of camphor, and bottle for use. A tablespoonful of this mixture mixed with an equal quantity of water, and applied daily with a soft brush, preserves and beautifies the teeth, extirpates all tartarous adhesions, arrests decay, induces healthy action to the gums, and keeps the teeth pearly white.